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*From the Baltimore Republican.*

☞Winter has again appeared, and his dark brow chills us with fear—not selfish fear however, but such as should fill every human breast, when the snow flakes give us timely warning that the widow and the orphan are about to suffer. The following lines are appropriate, and we therefore give them a place in our columns:

**REMEMBER THE POOR.**

The season of gloom has arrived,
And winter is hard at the door,
He whispers to all, "my power is revived,"
And tells us, "remember the poor."

The rich who with pleanty are crown'd
Who have an abundence in store,
With liberal hand should be found
Dispensing relief to the poor.

O think of the widow in need,
Whose heart has been reft to the core,
And destined in sorrow to bleed,
O think and "remember the poor."

Go visit the sick man in bed,
Or look at the couch on the floor,
His wife and his children no bread—
And then you'll "remember the poor."

And when sitting round a good fire,
And hear the cold winds as they roar,
Just ask, if you've thought to inquire
For those without wood that are poor.

Misfortune has mark'd for her prey
One half of mankind, if not more;
The rich, and the proud, and the gay,
May yet become humble and poor.

Great riches will sometimes take wing,
And leave us its loss to deplore,
And unlooked for poverty sting
The lordling who thus becomes poor.

Let those who are happy to-day,
And think that their troubles are o'er,
Be mindful, and never delay
Relief to the needy and poor.

The widow and fatherless cry,
For help, and they've wants full a score,
O let them not starve till they die,
They know not what it is to be poor.

It surely is blessed to give
To those who are suffering sore;
More bless'd than it was to receive;
O then, do "remember the poor."

**The Poor Printer and the Exclusives.**

On the fourth of July 18—, Harriett Lee might have been seen sitting on the sofa in her neat little parlor in a house situated in P. street, New York. The metropolis was alive with men, women, and children of every color, class, and creed—old men whose heads were whitened with the snow of age—young men in the meridian of manhood unitedly and unanimously agreed to "drive dull care away," and join the jubilee to celebraie the birth day of American Independence. Ever and anon the bursting thunder of artillery seemed to shake the island of Manhattan; the carved eagle sat perched upon a pole of liberty and our star spangled banner became the plaything of the balmy wind.

Whilst every American heart was brimful of joy and gratitude there were two generous hearted noble minded individuals bowed down with sorrow pungent and disappointment so bitter that the soul stirring proceedings of the ever-to-be-remembered fourth could not raise their drooping spirits. The persons alluded to are Harriet and her suitor William Malcolm. When the intelligent, patriotic, and high-minded William entered Harriet's apartment, he was disappointed and surprised to see the object of his love bathed in tears. "Why do you weep, my dear Harriet?" enquired William in a voice rich as music; at the same time grasping affectionately her snowy tapering fingers which were ornamented with three costly rings, the offerings which friendship and respect had laid upon the altar of her fairy hand. Harriet gently and gracefully raised her head while the warm tears of grief flowed free and fast from her dark hazel eyes and fell upon her fair cheek like dew drops from a rose leaf. "What can I do," continued William, "to tear away the dark drapery which seems to mantle your tender feelings in gloomy sorrow on this high and happy day?" Harriet's feelings were too big for utterance; she could not vent her thoughts in words, so violent was the temper of excitement occasioned by one who had broken the great deep of her heart. Soon after she was able to speak, she said she had just returned from a visit to her aunt R——, having paid her a visit for the purpose of inviting her to attend the anticipated wedding which could probably take place in a few days. She described the interview she had with her aunt as follows:

When she had made known her errand her aunt observed—

"Is it possible that you, Harriet, have assumed the responsibility of pledging heart and hand to a man without soliciting my advice?"

Harriet replied, "When I first became acquainted with the man of my choice I sought the advice of my mother who happened to be in the city at the time: upon inquiry she found that my friend was an honest and honorable man, and had no objection to my associating with him; our friendship has ripened into love; we are pledged to each other and the wedding day is appointed."

"What is the gentleman's name, Harriet?"

"His name is William Malcolm."

"Is he a physician, or a lawyer, or a merchant, or a minister—what is he?"

"He is a journeyman printer," replied Harriet.

"*A journeyman printer!*" exclaimed her aunt with great emphasis; "do you intend to disgrace your connections by marrying a man who picks up type for a living? You must be foolish and your mother must be mad to sanction your folly. You need not imagine, Miss, that I shall condescend to mingle in the society of mechanics; you lack common sense or you would not thus throw youself away."

Harriet again replied:

"William is a respectable, industrious, and economical man, and loves me."

"It makes me think of casting pearls before swine," continued the old aristocrat. "You are a beautiful girl, your accomplishments are superior to the attainments of most girls of your age—how can you so lower yourself as to marry an illiterate mechanic?"

"My dear aunt, do you know that a printing office is an academy where lessons of useful knowledge are continually before the mind?—William is not an illiterate man; he is a self-taught classical scholar, and occupies a lofty place in the estimation of all who know him."

"I will pay the expense of your wedding and give you a splendid set of furniture, if you will try to forget him and take my advice: there is Squire ——, he thinks a great deal of you; would you not like to have him, or Doct. ——, or Mr. ——, the merchant? You can, I have no doubt, marry either of these gentlemen, and thus keep up the dignity of your family."

"Pa is a mechanic, and I am not too proud to marry a mechanic," replied Harriet.

"Your father is my youngest brother; he is an extensive landholder; how can you call him a mechanic?"

"I have frequently heard him say," replied Harriet, "that he earned his farm by diligently using the saw, the broadaxe, and the jackplane; furthermore, I have heard him say, that you, in your younger days, used to pound putty, and prime sahes, when uncle R—— could not afford to hire help; you have not forgotten that my dear uncle is a sash maker, it is but a few years since he relinquished that business.

"Impudent creature, how dare you thus insult me in my own house?—your uncle is President of the bank of ——; and one of the richest men in this wealthy metropolis."

"Aunt, I don't intend to insult you nor injure the feelings of my uncle; you know better than I do, that he shaved wood before he commenced shaving notes—yonder stands the old frame building which was once his humble residence."

"Harriet, you must quit my house immediately, and never dare to darken the door again."

Poor Harriet's feeling were wrought up to the pitch of excitement; when her proud and arrogant aunt spoke disrespectfully of William, she introduced the sarcastic remarks which mortified the old woman's pride. Until that morning she always respected her aunt, but her tyranny completely changed her feelings.

On the 9th day of July, Mr. R——, Harriet's uncle, whilst perusing one of the daily papers, discovered the following, and read it aloud to his wife.

"Married, in this city, on the 8th inst., by the Rev. Mr. Chase, Mr. William Malcolm, to Miss Harriet Lee, both of this city." On the opposite page he saw a long editorial article respecting the wedding, the following is an extract:

"Last evening, in conformity with a polite invitation, we attended a wedding party; every thing went off with great eclat; the cake, coffee, and wine were excellent; the bride looked more like an angel than a human being; her hair was smooth and dark as a raven's wings, her mouth like blooming tulips. The groom we are well acquainted with; he is a clever fellow; the wealth of intellect shone on his superb forehead, and a great soul looked through his calm blue eyes. He is the talented author of several splendid articles which have appeared in our most popular periodicals. We understand he is about to assume the management of a periodical in this city. May the sunlight of success beam upon his exertions."

Patient reader, allow the author to digress a few moments, in order to lay before you a brief history of the two professionel men, and the merchant, who was selected by Harriet's aunt, as a suitable companion for a young lady, occupying such a conspicuous stand in society as she did. The physician was an inferior looking man, rather ill-formed and dwarfish. He was round shouldered, small twinkling grey eyes, a heavy intellectual brow, and mouth indicative of eloquence. Notwithstanding his personal appearance, he was esteemed and respected by a large acquaintance—he was a natural dwarf, but an intellectual giant—he was an ordinary looking man, but his attainments rich and rare; his brilliant talents won for him a rich and imperishable name on the page of immortality. By marriage he connected himself with a poor but honest family. He has obtained a princely fortune since the sacred band was rivetted, and still lives to enjoy it with his amiable companion and beautiful children.

The lawyer was a tall, graceful man, he had an eye like an eagle, was straight as a pine, as strong as Hercules, a large pair of brown whiskers fringed his expressive countenance, no artist ever cherished a better looking mouth than his—a heavy mass of rich brown hair hung in clustering curls over his fine forehead. He arose to eminence in his profession, the syren song of flattery was perpetually sung in his ear—one praised him because of his eloquence, another alluded to his benevolence. At the age of twenty-five he married the daughter of a rich merchant.

* * * *

Let us leap over a period of ten years. In yonder white frame house in Centre street, New York, may be seen the wreck of a ruined man; his eyes are bloodshot, his teeth yellow; his hand trembles, his face is red as the rising sun—he is a victim of intemperance. If, reader, you choose to look into this dwelling house, you will find it neatly furnished, and clean as a new pin; a pale female plying that little polished lance, the needle, attracts attention—she has seen better days, but now she earns a subsistence for herself, her unfortunate husband, and three little ones. She is the wife of the talented and liberal lawyer, we spoke of a few sections since; the bewitching voice of flattery spoiled him, he mingled much in society, was a public pet. His friends beemed it an honor to drink a social glass with him; thus he engendered an artificial appetite which like a serpent imprisoned him in its folds; his business was neglected, his time misimproved, his property worse than wasted, his intellect blunted, and his health destroyed.

The merchant was a hungry speculator, greedily after dollars and cents, wealth rolled in its golden tide around him, the more music there was in his purse the more friends he won; he was too stingy to get married; determined to get rich in a hurry, he committed forgery; in Auburn prison may be seen the man who was selected for Harriet by her aunt, fortunately he has no wife or children to mourn his fate.

We will now resume the narration of the poor printer's history. 'Twas on a bright and beautiful morning in the month of May, that one of the splendid steamers which ply between New York and Albany was crowded with beauty and fashion, the passengers were amusing themselves by gazing on the romantic scenery which nature had spread with lavish hands on both sides of the Hudson. At noon the bell wrung to inform the passengers that dinner was ready, a rush was made to the table, which was loaded with the richest luxuries the market offered. At the head of the table sat a man somewhat advanced in life, the hand of time had scattered a few grey hairs upon his head; the next seat to him was occupied by his wife; with an air of affected dignity she looked toward the door, which at that moment was opened by the Captain, who politely requested the lady and gentleman at the head of the table, to give up their seats to the Hon. William Malcolm and his lady! If a voice from heaven in tones of thunder had spoken, they could not have been more surprised, than Harriet's uncle and aunt when they in the presence of more than one hundred persons, were obliged to make room for the plebians they refused to associate with ten years previous to that event; to this proud pair of aristocrats, the scene was extremely humiliating—after all, it was an honor to sit by the side of this great self-made man; after the cloth was removed, a great many apologies were made by the old couple. They invited the Hon. William M. and his lady to call and see them; they did so, and the old hypocrites strained every nerve to please the once poor printer and his beautiful wife.

William assumed the management of the periodical spoken of in the commencement of this article; his labors were crowned with success; at the close of the year he removed to the south, the same success attended his footsteps; he rose in spite of the obstacles in his way to the honorable eminence he now occupies.

From the Lady's Book for November.

**The Chieftain's Daughter.**

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Every part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration and to reflect the highest honor on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first Colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two huge stones were placed near the water's edge. Smith was lashed to them, and his head was laid upon them as a preparation for beating out his brains with war clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the savage multitude with their blood stained weapons stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the beloved daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her knees, and with tears and entreaties prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savage rejected her suit, and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas threw her arms about Smith and laid her head upon his, her raven hair falling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The Indians gasped for breath, fearing that he would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his deadliest foe. But human na ure is the same every where: the war-club dropped from the monarch's hand—his brow relaxed—his heart softened, and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he reversed his decree, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this glorious girl for Smith ever reached the feeling of love, is not known. No favor was ever expected in return. "I ask nothing of Captain Smith," said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, "in recompense for whatever I have done, but the boon of living in his memory."—*Sketches of Virginia.*

I.

Upon the barren sand,
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's tide:—
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

II.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung;
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen-limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

III.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.
'Tis ever thus when in life's storm
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

**NOT MARRIED YET.**

Not married yet! ah, let me think—
How horrid is the thought,
That eighteen summers have have escaped,
And still I am not caught;
And still—and still—'tis like to be,
If thoughts don't alter soon—
No matter—I'll live on in hope,
At least another moon!

No offer yet!—ah, what a thought,
For a maiden past eighteen,
With face and form as faultless too,
As any ever seen;
Ah, wherefore do they keep me back,
Ah, why this long delay!
No man need ask this maid but once
To name the wedding day.

**ARTHUR ST. CLAIR—Or the Uncertainty of Temporal Prosperity.**

No man in American history affords a more striking illustration of the fickleness of fortune, in the direction of human affairs, than Arthur St. Clair. He was a native of Scotland. His family was reputable, and he received a good education. In 1755, he came to America, and was afterwards a subaltern officer in the army, which, under the brave General Wolfe, undertook the subjugation of Canada. He acquitted himself with reputation and credit. At the commencement of the American Revolution he espoused the cause of independence; and received from Congress the appointment, first, of Brigadier, and afterwards of Major General in the Continental Army. In one or the other of these characters, he continued in the service of the Colonies during the whole period of the war. He gained for himself the reputation of a brave and talented officer, and had the entire confidence and friendship of the commander-in-chief—the venerated father of his country. After the conclusion of the war, he was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress which sat under the old Articles of Confederation, and was several times called to preside over that body. A short time anterior to the adoption of the present Federal Constitution, he was appointed Governor of the North Western Territory. This Territory then comprised the vast extent of country, now included within the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan; and Iowa and Wisconsin Territories. The population of this extensive region was then exceedingly limited. There was a French settlement at Detroit; another at Vincennes, on the Wabash; and another at Kaskaskia, within the present limits of Illinois. But the inhabitants of these settlements, as far as the essential elements of civilization were concerned, were but little in advance of their neighbors and associates, the Indian savages.

In July, 1788, the Governor arrived at Marietta, a new colony of emigrants from New England, on the Ohio river, and then the only white settlement within the present limits of the state of Ohio. He there organized a government. The Governor and Judges were appointed by Congress; and in them was vested the whole government, legislative, judicial, and executive. The people had no voice—and *their* only duty was to *obey*. Afterwards, as the population increased, the form of government was somewhat modified. A Legislature was established, consisting of representatives chosen by the freeholders, and a council of five selected by Congress from ten persons nominated by the representatives. These two branches had concurrent authority, but over their *joint acts*, the Governor possessed an absolute negative. But, before the period of this modification in the form of the territorial government, Gov. St. Clair, hitherto a successful commander, in an expedition against the Indians, had suffered a total defeat. He was placed in the command of a fine army of selected troops, together with a considerable body of militia: at that time, he labored under bodily affliction. He, however, engaged with the Indians; and, after the loss of more than 600 men, and nearly the whole body of his officers, he saved himself, and the remnant of his men, by a precipitate retreat. Nothing could exceed the mortification of the American people on hearing of the loss of this fine body of soldiers. Washington, then Chief Magistrate of the United States, though generally capable of a complete mastery over his feelings, became almost frantic; and, full of perturbation and grief, he paced the hall of his residence, backward and forward, with hurried steps, wringing his hands, and giving utterance to deep lamentation. But yet Washington had not lost confidence in the integrity of St. Clair, and did not desert him. Not so with the mass of the people. Too much inclined to be hasty in their decisions, on matters of moment, they made but little allowance for the untoward circumstances by which the General was surrounded,—his own bodily infirmity, the desertion of a large number of the militia, the surprise in which he was taken, and the impetuosity of the savages, contending for their own homes, and what to them was as sacred, the graves of their fathers. The people formed *their* judgment from the *result*—and it was the judgment of unqualified condemnation. The Indians had set a special mark upon the *officers*—and they were nearly all killed, or made prisoners. The people, in their comments on *this* circumstance, would exclaim: Why was it that the commanding General was the *only* exception?—why did *he* not fall in battle, or why was *he* not made a prisoner, to suffer the cruel tortures inflicted by the merciless and *incensed* savages? And then the circumstance that he was a Briton, would be urged, with suggestions that he migt have acted under British influence—that he might have received British gold, or that he was indebted for the immunity which he experienced, to the protecting influence of British emissaries among the Indians! Such was the state of public feeling against St. Clair, as the population of the country over which he presided increased, and the *people* began to acquire importance in the government. Long in the army, and arbitrary in his disposition, he had acquired habits but little suited to the station which he occupied, possessing as he did almost regal authority, and many of his measures were represented by his contemporaries as proscriptive, high-handed, and tyrannical. And to affix to them this character, his military misfortune had doubtless a considerable agency, for success affords its possessor an impunity which is withheld from the victim of adversity. His administration became so odious, that to get rid of it, as soon as there was a sufficient population within the present limits of Ohio, the people hastened to form a state constitution, and to apply for and obtain admission into the Union. To retard a measure of this kind, the friends of the Governor urged the policy of making two states out of the same territory, and thereby increasing the power and political influence of the western country. For a measure of this kind, they had example of the New England, and some of the middle states; but so anxious were the people to get rid of what they were pleased to call the tyranny of the territorial government, that the temptations of prospective political power, weighed but little in the balance: Ohio became a member of the confederacy; and the *promoters* of that measure were rewarded with the first and highest honors under the state government. With this event terminated the prosperity of Governor St. Clair. Washington, who had been his fast friend, was reposing in the tomb; and the sceptre had departed from the friends who had sustained him. While in the service of the public, his private fortune had suffered an entire wreck. St. Clair retired into obscurity. He claimed to have made large sacrifices for the country, in the hour of her utmost need—and for which he had never been remunerated. His claim was very probably just. In his adversity he applied to Congress for redress. But so low had he sunk in public estimation, that but few of the members of that body were found willing to put their popularity to the test of standing up as his advocates. Worn down with mortification and disappointment, St. Clair was still too proud to accept pecuniary aid from his friends. He retired to the mountainous regions of Western Pennsylvania, where, erecting a little log hut, near a road side, with the aid of his rifle, and through the means afforded by a little shop in which he kept cakes, and other primary comforts, for the lowly wayfarer, he obtained a scanty subsistence. His mode of replenishing his little stock of commodities, was by gathering and buying chestnuts, and exposing them for sale at the Pittsburgh market. While on this part of his history, the writer will add, that it has been his lot to be acquainted with more than one individual, who, for a few cents, has received refreshments at the hand of the venerable statesman and veteran. In his old age, when the acerbity of bitter feeling, which had existed against him in the public mind, had considerably abated—when enfeebled by the weight of years—he left his humble home, and pursued his weary way to Washington city on foot, again to urge his claim on Congress. But *he* who, for a series of years, had presided over the body which had preceded *that*, under another organization, and who had been on terms of intimacy and friendship with the fathers of the republic, one of which he was, found himself a stranger among the representatives of the people. He was forgotten; and could not gain the ear of the National Legislature, until a man, high in power, and as magnanimous as he was powerful—(it was the late William H. Crawford)—took him to his house, provided for him, and became his friend and successful ad-